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THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED

A CANADIAN PICTORIAL WEEKLY.

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MONTREAL AND TORONTO, 3rd NOVEMBER, 1888.

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SIR ADOLPHE P. CARON, Q.C., K.C.M.G., MINISTER OF MILITIA.

From a photograph by Topley.

The Dominion Illustrated.

\$4.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

G. E. DESBARATS & SON, Publishers,
162 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
127 Wellington Street West, Toronto.

3rd NOVEMBER, 1888.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

Our engravers having disappointed us, we are prevented from publishing this week, as announced, Lady Stanley's portrait, as well as those of Ald. Hallam and the Toronto Reception Committee. We hope soon to make such arrangements as will not only place us beyond the reach of such delays and disappointments, but will enable us to give our readers portraits, views and sketches of actual and immediate interest, as connected with passing events. This will add the attraction of novelty and freshness to that of pictorial excellence, which all acknowledge to have been attained by the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.

We hope to give in our next issue the portraits above mentioned.



Montreal is to be congratulated—and we are pleased to see that the Toronto papers join in the greeting—on having, by a bold and sagacious move on the London market, succeeded in broadening and heightening the credit of Canada there and abroad, at the same time that it has secured an uncommonly favourable loan for itself. The *Globe* does not doubt that, in five years, Montreal 3 per cents will be selling at par, whereas, only a few years ago, it had to pay 7 per cent—a reduction of over one-half.

Of all small fruit cranberries are the scarcest, and, as a result, the highest in price. A barrel is worth \$7 to \$10; in Winnipeg, from \$9 to \$12. As an accompaniment to brown meats and game, it is unrivalled, being cool, tart and stomachic. A small farmer, in Rouville, made a little fortune with cranberries some years ago, having the top of the market. In British Columbia this fruit, the gem of bitter-sweets—*dulcamara*—has been lately found in great plenty, and during the cranberry season Indians and Chinamen make good wages picking them.

Nathaniel Mackay has been publishing harrowing accounts of the wretchedness and hardships of the British workman. The story is unfortunately too true, but American writers are wrong in the conclusions satirical of England which they draw from it. They had better look nearer home. No less a man than Grand Master Workman Powderly gives a fearful description of life among the labourers in the coal mines of Scranton, Pa., who have been imported from Europe, and whose women, living in filth and poverty, wear not enough wherewithal to hide their nakedness.

The famous Greenock toad, referred to last week as having been found in a bed of clay belonging to the ice period of 20,000 years ago, and still distinctly breathing, has unfortunately been lost to further scientific research by the bungling of a local surgeon who cut a slit across the mem-

brane which closed the batrachian's mouth, in order to feed it. The toad had not strength enough left to stand the modern knife and died. There was much regret over the event, and the next best thing was done—the animal was steeped in alcohol for keeping in the Greenock Museum.

The turmoil in Manitoba, which has been going on for the past six months, is sovereignly distasteful and fraught with bad example. Indeed, there is a danger in it. High-handed measures will not do, on the one side or the other, when there are laws and precedents to meet every emergency. The fame of these doings is working the Northwest no good abroad, and the remembrance of like scenes in the American wild west, which have not been wholly outlived, should be used as a curb. Of course, all will be well at the end; but, meantime, experience may be too dearly bought.

It is a grateful thing to see the happy results of President Cleveland's Retaliation message on the whole internal economy of the Dominion of Canada. What was meant to stagger, and even put us down, has straightened us and added to our consciousness of right and strength. The *New York Herald*—a fair mouthpiece of American good sense—has been studying our geography and publishes a map of the famous Lime Kiln crossing, and shows that the only navigable channel for large vessels is in Canadian territory, and if the channels are to be closed by anybody, "Canada holds the trump card."

The address of Sir Daniel Wilson, at the opening of Toronto University, was a scholarly review of the progress of higher education in Ontario, and contained valuable thoughts on the work of his and kindred seats of learning. Having just returned from Princeton and its academic grove of elms, he welcomed the contrast of Toronto University amid "the hum and shock of men," and reminding his youthful hearers of the great future of their lives spread out before them, he reminded them how much the country depended upon their efforts and that "The history of a Dominion larger than Europe lies as yet unenacted in the coming time."

The above was the end of the illustrious President's discourse. His opening was no less happy. He recalled the pregnant fact that, upward of a quarter of a century ago, the young heir of the throne was welcomed in the same hall, where he spoke, by the undergraduates of the time with the graceful and significant greeting: *Imperii spem spes provinciae salutat*. And then he launched forth into the years that followed when the men of Toronto University were truly the hope of their native province, and did their share, each within his sphere, to strengthen the union with the Empire.

A hair dresser of St. Louis, Missouri, says that bald-headed women are far more numerous than people suspect, and that the tendency to lose their hair is more marked among women of society than among working women and shop girls. That is idle talk. No one ever saw a thoroughly bald woman. It is only men that are thus depilated. Old women, or others, through special causes of disease, may come to very sparse hairs, but to a whole denudation they never come. God meant the hair to be woman's crown, and He will not allow her to be uncrowned. A bald man may be made to look like a monkey; but a bald woman would have the aspect of the devil.

The *Economiste Français* admits that the public debt of France is not less than £1,200,000,000. The yearly charge for interest and sinking fund on the whole debt, including life annuities, is £51,600,000. Of the funded debt, about £600,000,000 are perpetual three per cents., £271,500,000 perpetual four and a half per cents., and £193,000,000 redeemable bonds of various descriptions. Annuities to divers companies and corporations of \$95,000,000 and £40,000,000 of floating debt make up the balance. This is by far the heaviest debt borne by any nation in the world, one-third greater than that of Russia and England who come after, and more than double that of the other European peoples. How France will manage to carry the burden is a problem.

There are signs of national awakening among the modern Greeks. The Hellenes are ambitious to be Athenians and Spartans once more. The kingdom proper contains barely 2,500,000 inhabitants, of whom nearly one-half are Albanians and the other half pure Greeks or Hellenes, but in all the surrounding countries, to the north and north-east, there are 6,000,000 Greeks—Pan-Hellenists, all of them—merchant princes of Stamboul, Trieste, Smyrna and Alexandria, who have already spent \$1,000,000 for schools, colleges, gymnasia, and other schemes of culture in Greece, making thirty-five seats of learning in the kingdom. Within a generation Greece will be educated in all its ancient literature, and Hellas will take the place occupied by its fathers, in the palmy days of 400 B.C.

The Sackville letter is another flagrant instance of political demoralization among our neighbours. The incident is disreputable all around. The newspaper trap laid for the British Minister at Pomona; the barefaced publication of the letter and crowing thereon; the undiplomatic comments of Senator Bayard; the outrageous speech of Mr. Blaine at New York, and the impertinent language of the American papers—all these present a spectacle which no other nation could give. As to Lord Sackville, it is mighty hard lines that an English gentleman cannot write a private note, by request, on current events, to another presumed English gentleman, without having his correspondence violated and ruthlessly spread before the groundlings, for the lowest party ends. And, which is the most ridiculous of all, there is nothing in the letter to warrant this wretched row, and, when the fuss is over, Lord Sackville will be none the worse of it. In the meantime, it is to be hoped the English papers will keep their heads level.

TWO BATTLE FIELDS.

Lundy's Lane and Chateauguay! Here are two fields of battle, at which none may sneer—not even the vanquished—because, although the forces engaged were not very considerable, the fighting was fierce and heroic, and the result, in both cases, decisive of the ultimate fate of the war of 1812-15. The victory of Lundy's Lane was a powerful check to the American march on the Niagara line, and the feat of arms at Chateauguay saved Montreal and Lower Canada.

But it is not with these battles, as such, that we are concerned to-day. Our object is to call attention to the spirit which they have brought out—a spirit of pride, of patriotism, of historic remembrance to the glory of brave deeds, and the memory of brave men. Three or four times

already, the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED have been open to the accounts of the late celebration of the day of Lundy's Lane, and the doings of the Historical Society bearing that distinguished name. We were among the first to publish the names of the promoters of the movement, and the project by which such similar societies should be established elsewhere, in the different military grounds of Ontario.

To-day, passing from the west to the east, we have the pleasure of announcing the formation of a new body called the Chateauguay Literary and Historical Society, whose aim is to promote patriotism by perpetuating in particular the memory of the brave men who won the victory of Chateauguay, and by encouraging in general the study of Canadian history and Canadian literature. At the representative and influential meeting held at Ormstown, on the 26th of last month, it was resolved to have a great yearly celebration on the anniversary of the battle, the 26th October, and, by way of due preparation, to have as well a series of meetings during the winter season. For the furtherance of that object, while the local talent may very properly be secured, it is intended also to invite the services of public-spirited men from other parts. It is pleasant to learn that the movement is quite popular throughout the country, which emboldens us to suggest that the site of the old stone house, which could be seen, only three years ago, from the bridge at Bryson's, may be preserved, were it only by a memorial stone, with a suitable inscription thereon. There is no better place in the province for an historical monument than this battlefield, on both banks of the beautiful river, winding through a beautiful valley.

Thus the good work goes on. The value of historic research has at length begun to be appreciated. The people are awakening to the glory of Canadian history, than which there is nothing more likely to foster the national spirit and make our young people worthy of their fathers. The future of this country is in the hands of its youth—male and female—and there is no more powerful incentive to work for it than the example of those who did and died in its defence.

CANADIAN COPYRIGHT.

On several occasions already we have spoken of this important question, in our editorial paragraphs and literary notes, keeping our readers posted on the progress which it was making. To-day we have something much more important, because practical, to lay before them. On the 18th of October a general meeting of the Copyright Association of Canada was held at Toronto, with the object of endeavouring to secure such Canadian legislation in the Copyright, as shall best maintain all interests connected with the book-printing and publishing business of the country. On opening the matter in hand the President went over the situation, showing that what is called the Berne bill—from having been adopted at the late international conference in that town—which was laid before Parliament at the last session, would result in dire injury to the book-printing and publishing interests of Canada. If it became law, every British copyright book would be copyrighted in Canada, without requiring to be manufactured in Canada, as is made imperative by our actual legislation to secure Canadian copyright. The bill furthermore excludes all foreign (that is, American), reprints of British copyright

books, thus throwing our markets wholly into the hands of British publishers and printers, whose first editions are always high, and who never, in any case, issue their so-called "cheap editions" at less than six shillings, while we can get the same in the twenty-five cents American editions.

The draught of a new bill was then submitted to the meeting, the chief clauses of which are here set down:—

I. The condition for obtaining the Canadian copyright shall be that the work shall be printed and published in Canada within two months after the first publication elsewhere.

II. Any work intended to be copyrighted in Canada shall, before publication elsewhere, or simultaneously with its first publication elsewhere, be registered in the office of the Minister of Agriculture by the author or his legal representatives, which registration shall secure the exclusive Canadian copyright to the author or his legal representatives.

III. Should the person entitled to copyright under this Act fail to take advantage of its provisions, any person domiciled in Canada may print and publish the work in question, provided registration of intention to do so has been duly made with the Minister of Agriculture, and the necessary license obtained; but in no case is the said license to convey exclusive rights to print and publish the work in question. This license is to be granted to all applicants agreeing to pay the author or his legal representatives a royalty of 10 per cent. on the retail price of each copy licensed to be sold.

IV. From and after the passing of this Act the importation into Canada of foreign reprints of works of which the copyright is subsisting in Great Britain and which have been registered under sections three or four of the act for republication in Canada, shall be prohibited, provided the provisions of the section enforcing the printing and publishing in Canada have been complied with.

A few days after the meeting, and in pursuance of the will of the meeting, the president of the Association, Mr. J. Ross Robertson, and Mr. Bunting, of the *Mail*, went to Ottawa and held a preliminary meeting with the Honourable the Minister of Agriculture, to whose department the question belongs. This will soon be followed by a representative deputation going to the capital and settling the main features of an equitable Copyright Act. To enable the reader to appreciate still further this interesting matter, we shall publish, in our next issue, a paper descriptive of the historical and legal features of Copyright.

WHAT DO THE SMASHERS PROPOSE?

The *Globe* puts forward this common sense view of a point out of which some people are trying to manufacture a bugbear:—The *Stratford Beacon* observes that the smasher organ's political charge against French Canadians is that "their early marriages, which result in large families, more than offset the natural increase of the English population and its gain from immigration from the United Kingdom. This happens to be untrue. In 1871 there were in Ontario 292,221 families, including 1,060,234 "children and unmarried," or 3.63 of these to each family. In Quebec there were 213,503 families, including 779,923 "children and unmarried," or 3.55 of these to each family. In 1851 there were in Upper Canada 448 children under 15 and 108.8 unmarried persons between 15 and 20 in each 1,000 of population. In the same year there were in Lower Canada 446.2 under 15 and 20 to each 1,000 of population.

In 1861 there were in Upper Canada 427.7 under 15 and 111.2 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000. In Lower Canada there were 427.3 under 15 and 113.8 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000.

In 1871 there were in Ontario 443.9 under 15

and 102.5 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000. In Quebec there were 442.2 under 15 and 101.7 unmarried between 15 and 20 to each 1,000 of population.

In 1881 there were in Ontario 366,444 families, including 1,232,866 "children and unmarried," or 3.37 per family. In 1881 there were in Quebec 254,842 families, including 873,727 "children and unmarried," or 3.42 per family.

Of persons "15 and under" Ontario in 1881 had 379 to each 1,000, and Quebec 402 to each 1,000. But the infant mortality in Quebec is so great that Ontario had 24.7 children of the age of 15 to each 1,008 of population, whereas Quebec had only 23.4 to each 1,000. Of persons "from 15 to 20" Ontario 116 to each 1,000 of population, and Quebec only 108 to each 1,000 in 1881. These figures prove that Ontario people raise more children per family than Quebec people, though the birth rate in Quebec is a little higher. What becomes of the Smasher allegation that "the French" are ousting the English Canadians by mere force of fecundity? It is as senseless as the greater part of the Smasher rant.

But suppose the Smashers were correct. What would they do about it? That is what the *Stratford Beacon* wants to know. If the fecundity of "the French" were a danger to English Canada, how would the alarmed Smashers proceed to avert that danger? Would they make a rule that English speaking married couples should produce more children or come under a penalty duly made and provided? Would they rule that each "French" pair should have only so many children, and that those in excess of the regulation number shouldn't count? Would they employ the method by which the Hounhymms thought of ridding themselves of too-fecund neighbours? Or would they resort to something like the Australian device for keeping down rabbits and spread among the French some swift plague? We have already shown that annexation would be no preventive of French Canadian increase, but rather the contrary. What do the Smashers propose?

LITERARY NOTES.

Alexander Dumas is the richest writer in the world.

Lava's fine quarterly *Le Canada Français* has just completed its first year by an able number.

Alphonse Daudet is going to London to make arrangements for a satisfactory English translation of his novels.

Charles Mackay, the English song writer, is sick with old age and financial distress. Lord Tennyson is getting up a fund for him.

M. Dulau, of the British Museum, has written to the manager of *La Revue Canadienne* to send the full files of that periodical.

"Seranus," or Mrs. Harrison, has opened a couple of Culture Classes in Toronto. Her Montreal friends wish her every success.

Mr. Clarke, M.P.P., and mayor of Toronto, was largely instrumental in securing the endowment for two new chairs in Toronto University.

Dudley Warner is giving his views to Canadian reporters in advance of his written impressions to be published in Harper's publications.

"B. C. 1887" is the odd title of a volume of travels in British Columbia, by the authors of "Three in Norway," Messrs. Lees & Chatterbreck.

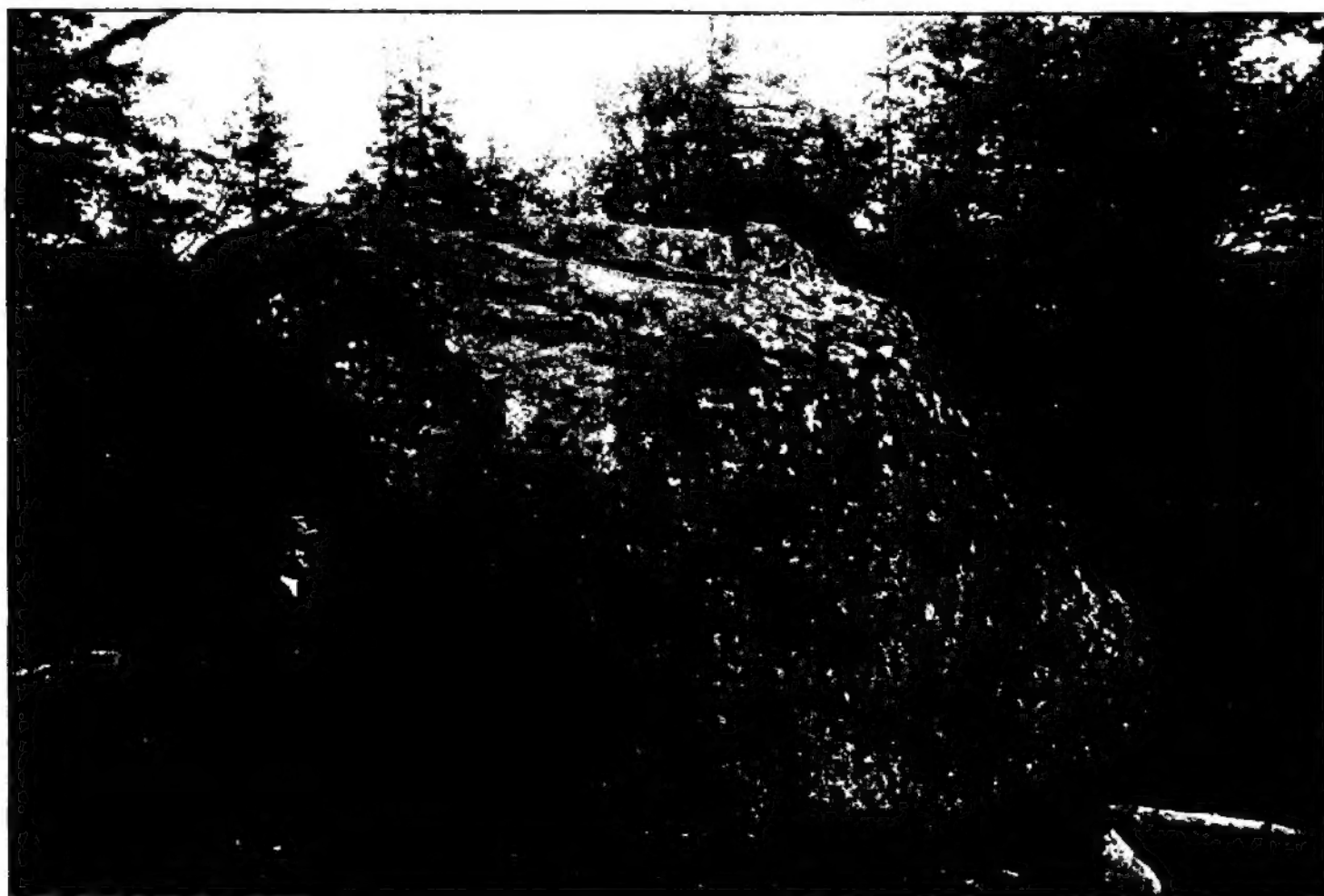
Mr. Evans McColl, the Gaelic bard, sold some three hundred copies of his last edition in Montreal. At 80 odd, the bard is still full of bodily and mental strength.

Mr. J. Hunter Duvar, of Hernewood, near Charlottetown, the distinguished poet, and contributor to the columns of the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, is Inspector of Fisheries for P. E. Island.

The Kingston *News* rather tartly takes Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the Toronto University, to task for calling that institution the "national university." The editor holds that it is no more national than Queen's.

Now that the very important copyright question is coming up before the country and Parliament, it may be well to state that perhaps the best source of information on that subject is in a lecture delivered before the Law School of Bishop's College, in 1882, by Mr. S. E. Dawson, the well-known publisher and author.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood, of Hoopston, Ill., will begin a serial story, entitled "The Romance of Dollard," in the November *Century*, founded upon this remarkable incident, in Canadian history. The historian, Parkman, has written a preface for Mrs. Catherwood's novel, and Mr. Sandham, lately of Canada and now of Boston, has made illustrations for it.



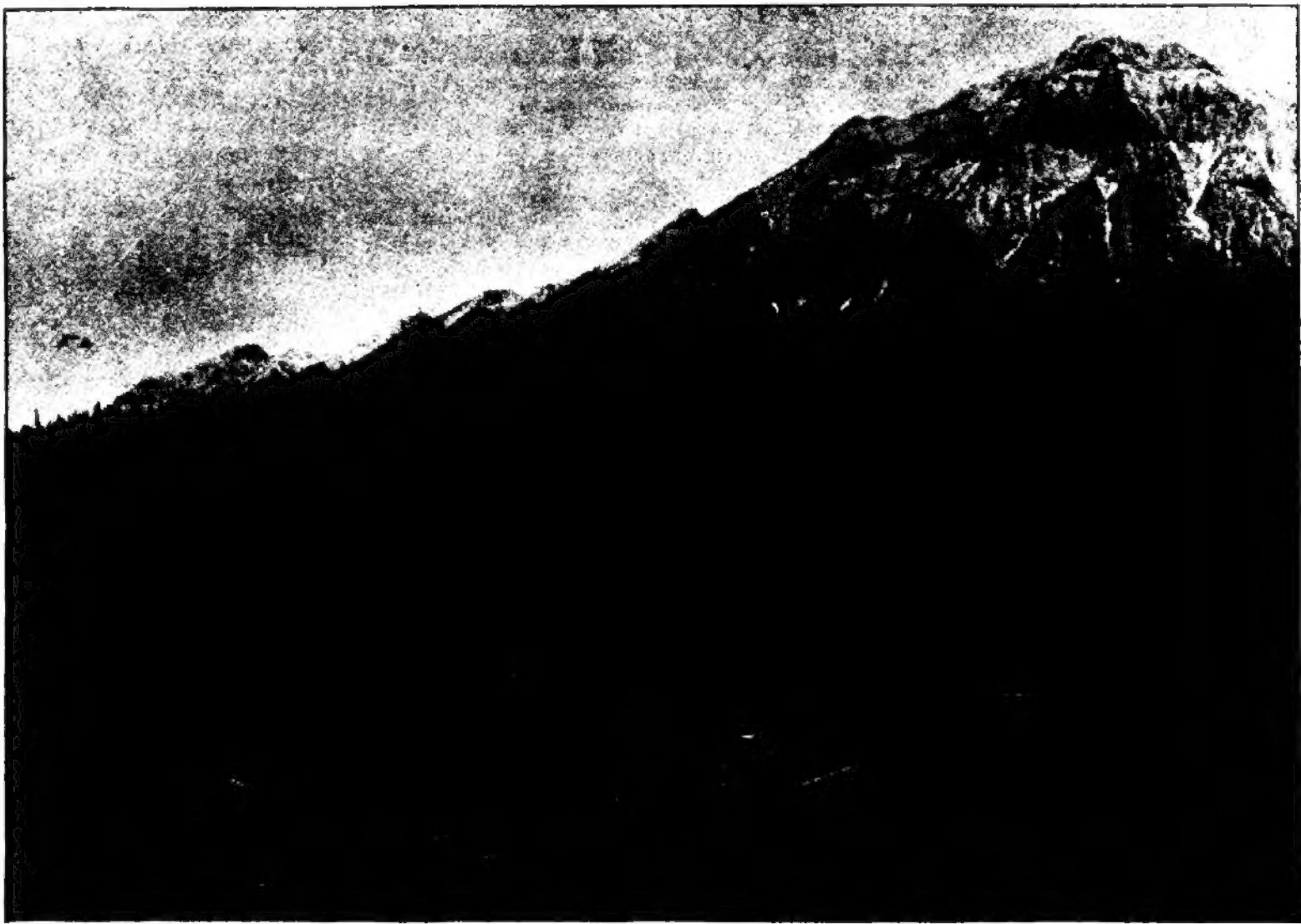
THE ROCKING STONE, NEAR HALIFAX.

From a photograph by an amateur.



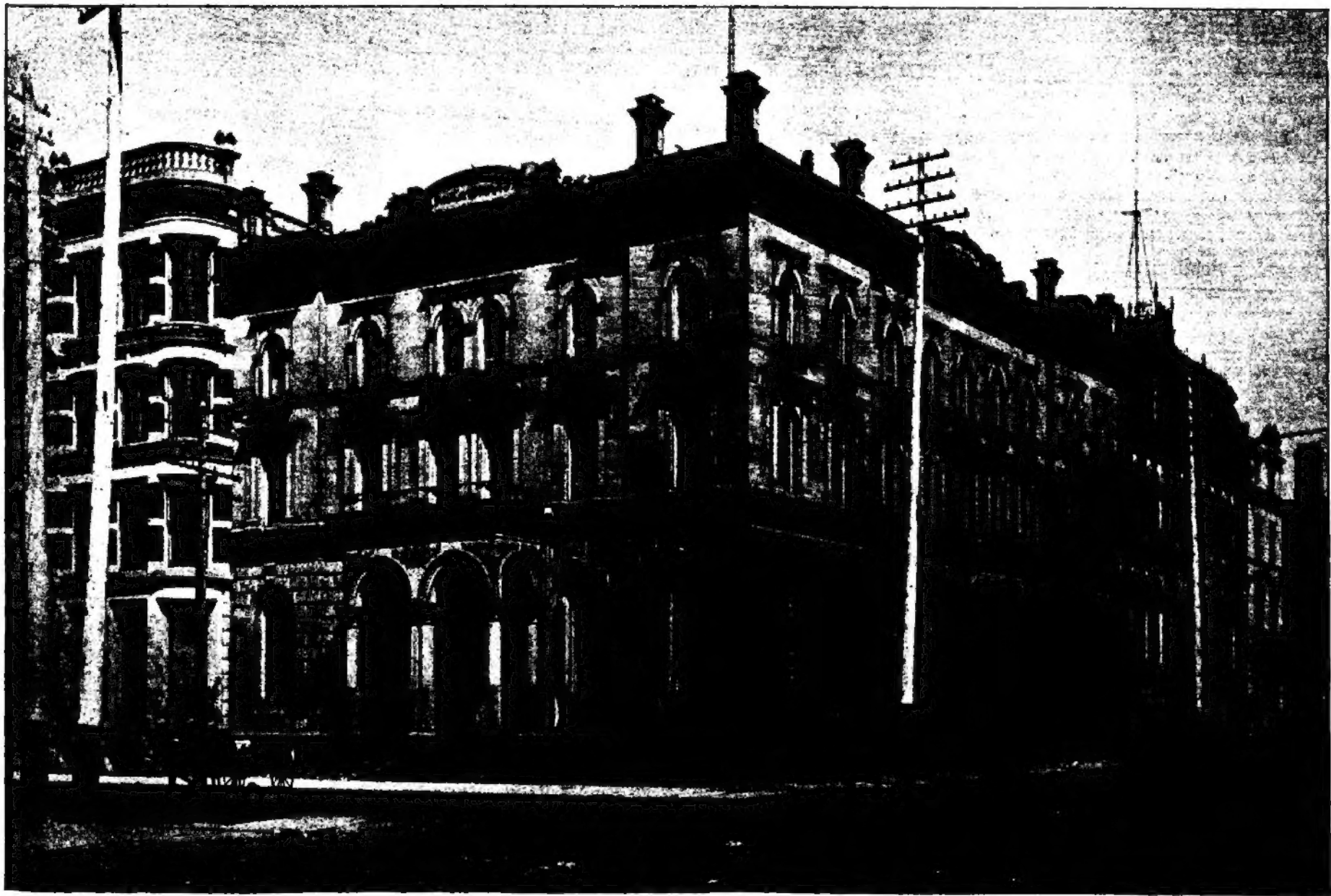
THE NATURAL STEPS, MONTMORENCI RIVER, NEAR QUEBEC.

From a photograph by Capt. Imiah, Regt. Can. Artillery.



MOUNTAINS AT DONALD, B. C.

From a photograph by Notman.



HEAD OFFICES OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, TORONTO.



SIR. J. P. R. A. CARON, K. C. M. G.—The Minister of Militia is the eldest surviving son of the late Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec. He was born at Quebec in 1843, and got his schooling at the Seminary of Quebec, Laval and McGill Universities, taking the degree of B. C. L. at the latter in 1865. He took to the bar in the same year, having studied law first at Quebec, and later at Montreal, with the late Sir John Rose. He reached the purple in 1879, and is a member of the extensive law firm of Andrews, Caron and Andrews, of Quebec. He first entered Parliament in 1873 for Quebec County, which he has represented ever since through six electoral trials. He was sworn of the Privy Council and made Minister of Militia in November, 1880. He has held that portfolio to the present, and for his services during the rebellion of 1885 he was created a K. C. M. G. The Minister's name may be given in full—as the families of French Canada fancy the enumeration—Joseph, Philippe, René, Adolphe, and in the circle of intimates he is known as Adolphe.

THE ROCKING STONE, situated on the property of Archibald Kidston, Esq., at Spryfield, five miles from the city of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, is composed of granite and is estimated to weigh 464 tons. There is a lever placed under one corner by which it is easily rocked. On the opposite side it can be moved without the aid of a lever by a boy of 12 or 14 years of age.

THE NATURAL STEPS OF THE MONTMORENCY.—A byr way through the fields from the Falls of Montmorency leads the tourist to the Natural Steps which, as the reader may judge for himself from the engraving, is a scene of the wildest grandeur. Here the eddies of the Montmorency Falls are stronger, swifter, and thicker with foam. The strata of rock, forming the walls of the river, and bearing the likeness of stairways, are composed of thin layers, and are worn into all manner of fantastic shapes, with arched ways, colonnades, and rounded masses that bear the shape of towers. The noise is deafening and the churning of the spray has the ominous simmuring of impending fate. And yet the tables of these rocks are the pastimes of fishermen in quest of speckled trout, and many is the scene of love and courtship enacted there, in which young people from all portions of America have taken part.

MOUNTAINS AT DONALD.—Donald is a charmingly situated town in the shadow of the Selkirks, the headquarters for the mountain section of the railway, with repair shops. It is an important supply-point for the mining country about it and at the great bend of the Columbia below. Leaving Donald, the railway crosses the Columbia to the base of the Selkirks. A little further down, the Rockies and Selkirks, crowding together, force the river through a deep, narrow gorge, the railway clinging to the slopes high above it. Emerging from the gorge at Beaver-mouth, the line soon turns abruptly to the left and enters the Selkirks through the Gate of the Beaver River—a passage so narrow that a felled tree serves as a foot-bridge over it—just where the river makes its final and mad plunge down to the level of the Columbia. A little way up the Beaver, the line crosses to the right bank, where, notched into the mountain side, it rises at the rate of 116 feet to the mile, and the river is soon left a thousand feet below, appearing as a silver thread winding through the narrow and densely forested valley. Opposite is a line of huge tree-clad hills, occasionally showing snow-covered heads above the timber line. Nature has worked here on so gigantic a scale that many travellers fail to notice the extraordinary height of the spruce, Douglas fir and cedar trees, which seem to be engaged in a vain competition with the mountains themselves. One sees ahead, up the Beaver valley, a long line of the higher peaks of the Selkirks, *en échelon*, culminating in an exceedingly lofty pinnacle, named Sir Donald, with which our readers made acquaintance in former views, at Glacier House. Again, from Mountain Creek bridge, a few miles beyond, where a powerful torrent comes down from high mountains northward, the same view is obtained, nearer and larger, and eight peaks can be counted in a grand array, the last of which is Sir Donald, leading the line. This stately monolith was named after Sir Donald Smith, one of the chief promoters of the Canadian Pacific Railway. Farther to the left, looking from the hotel, are two or three sharp peaks, second only to Sir Donald. Roger's Pass and the snowy mountains beyond (a member of the Hermit range, which is called Grizzley, from the frequency with which bears are met upon its berry-bearing slopes), are in full view. Again, to the left, comes Cheops, and in the foreground, and far down among the trees, the Illicilliwaet glistens. Somewhat at the left of Cheops a shoulder of Ross Peak is visible over the wooded slopes of the mountains.

THE BANK OF TORONTO, of whose building in Toronto we give an illustration this week, is one of our flourishing banking institutions. Its charter was obtained in the year 1855 with an authorized capital of \$2,000,000. Up to the year 1870 the paid up capital remained at \$800,000. In 1874 it was increased to \$1,500,000, and in 1875 to \$2,000,000. The Rest has gradually increased until it has now reached \$1,350,000. This Bank does a large and in-

creasing business at Toronto and other places in the Province of Ontario, and at Montreal, in the Province of Quebec. It is ably managed, and may be classed as one of the most stable of our monetary institutions.

MONTREAL PORT FROM THE C. P. R. ELEVATORS.—The elevators of the C. P. Railway are situated on the river side at the Dalhousie Square Station, and from their great altitude they afford wide views of the harbour of Montreal and the whole city. In front, looking west, you have the wharves and Commissioner street, with the outline of the unsightly dyke; on the right is the freight shed of the railway, its stone offices, old Bonsecours Church and market, Notre Dame Church, the Custom House, and the head of the Lachine Canal; and to the left we have the broad St. Lawrence, with the market boats of the Richelieu and Ontario Line, dredges, elevators, and the lines of the railway connecting with the ships.

VIEW FROM THE RICHELIEU PIER.—This pier is at the foot of Jacques Cartier Square and hill, and there it is that the Quebec boats of the R. & O. line are moored when in port. In summer this wharf is crowded with freight. In front lies the immense, but swanlike "Vancouver," queen of the Dominion Line. In fact there are two Dominion steamers in the picture, as you can tell by the bands on the funnels. Beyond, where the dome of the Customs rises through the smoke, is the outlet of the canal and headquarters of the Allan Line, a scene of bustle and activity, night and day, in the height of the shipping season.

SECRETS.—We trust our young readers will like this picture. There is a scene of hearts from nature, which few girls have not gone through, whether high-born or simple maids in their flower, as we have them here. Janet and Lizzie have got through their household work. Or rather, Janet has finished her work and, having lit her taper, is slipping off to her room, when Lizzie overtakes her in the lobby, where she had been watching from an open door, and then and there pours the sweet, pretty story into her comrade's ear. The features of the two girls are open and full of genuine feminine expression, stamped with honesty. The play of the light upon the eyes is admirable in effect, bringing out the latent mischief that lurks in those innocent orbs. Ah, well, girls! It is not much that makes you happy; go to, now, and dream of your golden secrets.

DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION COMPETITION.—These views were sent us from near Toronto, where the firing took place, by Mr. W. W. Fox, of the *Mail*, to whom we beg to tender our thanks. The competition was completed by the firing of the two batteries of the first brigade at Woodbine. Number one represents a trial shot; number two, a detachment of the London Field Battery waiting its hour to fire; and number four, another group of the chief officers of the Artillery Association.

FRENCH COURSING.—One English sport after the other is being adopted in France, and the English words employed in each are pretty well kept also. The full page of views which we give to-day represent the coursing of greyhounds after hares, at a place called Bagatelle, outside of Paris. The harriers are French, but neither their names nor any account of the pedigrees are published in the report. The reader will be able to review the several well known scenes—the dogs in leash; the slipper who, by the skilful twist of his double leash, starts the hounds well together; the central event, where the two best, having outrun or out-generalled the others, are making for the last plunge; they fly, they leap, they curvet, and the umpire follows on horseback; at length one dog gets the better of his rival; he reaches the hare; seizes him; kills him outright at one jawbreak; the flag corresponding to the colour of the winner's woollen collar—red or white—is raised aloft on a signal from the umpire, and the coursing is over. The French do not pretend to have any such coursing events of greyhounds and harriers as take place yearly at Liverpool, for the Waterloo Cup, or at Kempton Park, near London, for the Champion Stakes, but they have taken up the sport for the past ten years, and the new Paris Coursing Club means to have a number of meets during the coming winter. Neither are there such hounds in France as the invincible Master MacGrath, owned by Lord Lurgan, and for which he refused seven thousand sterling; or Coomassie, the lady who fetched two thousand at her master's death. There are several kinds of harriers—the Russian, the Persian, the Spanish or "Galgo," and the Arabian of the great tents on the sands, but none of them can rival the English greyhound in pluck, instinct and speed.

LOVE'S SUMMER.

How like the summer is our love so sweet,
Fulfilling those fair promises of spring,
Convey'd by Hope in happy whispering,
When days dragg'd slow that now fly all too fleet.
The rare heart-rapture, when our spirits meet,
Chirms as the echo-music zephyrs bring
Across the pines when neighbouring woodlands ring
With joyous hymns, harmoniously complete;
The tender thoughts and fancies bright, that flow
In waves of sympathetic feeling, gleam
Like rippling splendours in a meadow-stream,
Bank'd with gay blooms that, bending soft and low,
Kiss their fair images in Nature's sparkling glass,
And smiling raise their eyes to watch them as they pass.
Montreal. SAREPTA.

RED AND BLUE PENCILS.

My dear friend, Mr. George Johnson, the Dominion statistician, has discovered that the plan of Imperial Federation is as old as 1764, at least, there being a book in the National Library at Ottawa, entitled "The Administration of the Colonies," by Thomas Pownall, Governor and Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's Provinces, Massachusetts Bay and South Carolina, and Lieutenant-Governor of New Jersey. He held that "the British Isles, with our possessions in the Atlantic and America, should be united into one grand marine political community."

We have two or three books in the English language that are vast storehouses of erudition, and from which the scholar can draw forever, without ever reaching the end. One of these is Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." That was Byron's constant resource. Another is Kenelm Digby's "Ages of Faith," a new edition of which, in four large and splendid volumes, is being published by O'Shea, of New York. Every conceivable event belonging to the Middle Ages is in this monumental work. What will add to the worth of the new edition is a full table of contents, which was unfortunately wanting in the first issue.

As an instance of Canadian scholarship, the reader will be pleased to have Dr. Bonar's well-known hymn set before him, in order to judge of the translation into Latin, by a Canadian:

THE VOICE OF JESUS.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto Me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down,
Thy head upon My breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad;
I found in Him a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold! I freely give
The living water. Thirsty one,
Stoop down and drink and live."
I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light;
Look unto Me—thy morn shall rise,
And all thy days be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun!
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till travelling days are done.

The translation which follows is from the pen of
W. H. C. Kerr, one of the learned men of Canada:—

VOX JESU.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Huc veni,
Hic tibi requies!
Recumbe meo pectori,
Tu qui defessus es."
Cui adsum, qualiter siem,
Et quam miserimme,
Et Hunc probavi requiem.
Beatus unice.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Ego siem
Viventis fons aquae;
Procumbens bibe, agedum,
Et vives tu in Me."
Mihi bibenti igitur
Reversae animae;
Nam sitis mox restinguitur
In vivo calice.

Vox Jesu clamat: "Caeci sum
Hujus mundi lux;
Nunc adspice, itinerum
Sol oriatur dux."
Adspexi, en! vaganti jam
Sol Jesus emicat!
Quo duce iter peragam,
Dum vita maneat.

—KERR.

The address of Sir Daniel Wilson, at the opening of Toronto University, which the papers of that city published in full, will doubtless be reprinted in more lasting shape, as it deserves, being a masterly review of the aims, needs and results of the higher education. In the list of wants, however, which the learned president gives out, I look in vain for an allusion to a course of

Canadian History. Toronto University has two new chairs endowed this year. Let us hope that an endowment for a professorship of our own history may be soon forthcoming.

Canadian literature is drawing attention abroad, and in England the appreciation is taking a practical and business turn. No less than three books will appear before the holidays, containing selections from the verses of our own poets. The first is "Poems of Wild Life," edited by the poet Charles R. D. Roberts, and issued at London, in the Canterbury series; the second is "The Young American Poets," by Douglas Sladen, of Australian fame; and the third is "The Poets of Canada," edited by another poet, W. D. Light-hall, of this city, and making part of the Windsor series, published by Walter Scott & Company, of London.

In the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED of the 13th October we published a full page engraving of "La Bella Mano," by the poet-painter, Gabriel Dante Rossetti, and, in our account of it, stated that the author had doubtless a sonnet on the subject upon which we could not lay hands at the time. Sure enough a literary friend, on reading this, sends us two beautiful sonnets—one the translation of the other and both found in Rossetti's works. In perusing them the reader will please turn up the picture, at the date aforesaid:—

LA BELLA MANO.

(PER UN QUADRO.)

O Bella Mano, che ti lavi e piaci
In quel medesimo tuo puro elemento
Dove la Dea dell' amoroso avvento
Nacque, (e dall' onda s'infuocò le faci
Di mille inispegnibili fornaci):—
Come a Venere a te l'oro e l'argento
Offron gli Amori; e ognun riguarda attento
La bocca che sorride e te che taci.

In dolce modo dove onor t' invii
Vattene adorna, e porta insiem fra tante
Di Venere e di vergine sembianze;
Umilmente in luoghi onesti e pii
Bianca e soave ognora; infin che sii,
O Mano, mansueta in man d'amante.

LA BELLA MANO.

(FOR A PICTURE.)

O lovely hand, that thy sweet self doth lave
In that thy pure and proper element,
Whence erst the Lady of Love's high advent
Was born, and endless fires sprang from the wave:
Even as her Loves to beg their offerings gave,
For thee the jewelled gifts they bear; while each
Looks to those lips of music measured speech
The fount, and of more bliss than man may crave.

In royal wise ring-girt and bracelet-spanned,
A flower of Venus' own virginity,
Go shine among thy sisterly sweet band;
In maiden-minded converse delicately
Evermore white and soft; until thou be,
O hand! heart-handsel'd in a lover's hand

The Copyright question is going to be passed this year. Toronto is at the head of the work, having established a League, with branches in all the provinces. At the last meeting, a few weeks ago, the draught of a bill was approved, and two of the officers were despatched to Ottawa, where they had a preliminary interview with the Minister of Agriculture, in whose department the case lies. Later, a representative delegate will go to the capital and see the whole Ministry. The new Canadian measure is meant to be fair to printers, publishers and booksellers, and, possibly, the poor authors may be remembered. TALON.

POINTS.

By ACUS.

"To point a moral and adorn a tale."

—Johnson: *Vanity of Human Wishes.*

Somewhere I seem to have read that men used in the remote past to shave themselves with broken shells. Had Mr. Bailey been living at that period, he would, no doubt, still have requested his barber to "go tip-toe over the pimples." But the razor has superseded the broken shell, and in its turn has been succeeded by an implement somewhat after the fashion of a grass-cutter. Thus, in quite a literal sense, all flesh is grass. To the contemplative mind even

the barber shop will yield food for reflection. What can more forcibly remind one of the flight of time than to have the barber's watch ticking in his ear? The other ear is otherwise engaged. The conversation of the tonsorial artist is well known to be cheerful and unremitting. Mr. Austey, in his "Tinted Venus," has introduced this additional character into literature, and has wreathed a wreath of romance about the well oiled and carefully brushed head of the barber. Thus does the arspoeta pay a compliment to her tonsorial sister. Speaking of hair, they tell of an amusing piece of repartee that passed between Senator Reed and Senator Alexander in this connection. The latter said that Senator Reed should not take long to dress, because he had no hair to brush. "No," said Senator Reed, "but I have more face to wash."

The question is frequently asked, What becomes of the pins? Well, some of them are doubtless on the floor, and will probably be discovered by persons in their stocking feet who are not looking for them. To pick up a pin from the floor of one's room may prevent bad luck, if it does not bring good luck. Numerous pins have, no doubt, been swallowed by various fish, for whose benefit a hook has been improvised out of a bent pin. And various other pins have been bent in other ways and cast aside by bachelors wrestling with a refractory collar, or trying to suppliment a missing button. With the bachelor the query is not so much what becomes of the pin? as it is "button, button, who's got the button?" If we were to rip up our pin cushions, we would probably find that some of the pins have gone in to a warm bed out of the cold. That would indicate, if nothing else did, that a pin has a head on it. Still this leaves myriads of missing pins to be accounted for. By the way, it seems rather appropriate to discuss pins in a column headed "Points."

Young readers sometimes feel a little shy of undertaking Dickens, because they think so accomplished a classic must necessarily be very deep. And in selecting the story with which to begin, they are sometimes unfortunate. For example, the "Tale of Two Cities," although an excellent story, is hardly in Dickens' characteristic style. And the first chapters of some of his stories are by no means indicative of the good things beyond. For my part, I began "Martin Chuzzlewit" twice without getting past the first chapter. Those who anticipate reading this story for the first time might as well begin, I think, at the second chapter; the story really begins there. And they will there have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of the immortal Pecksniff. Perhaps the best stories with which to begin are "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," and "Old Curiosity Shop." I have read threadbare "Pickwick Papers," in two or three editions, and I have a friend who, I am informed, sleeps with it under his pillow. There is no novelist like Dickens. While the ability of an author is usually much admired by his own peculiar class of readers, the esteem in which Dickens is held amounts almost to affection.

In one of Hawthorne's "Note Books," among the hints for future literary work, is "to personify winds of various characters." This hint, so far as I am aware, was never followed up by this exquisite writer. But Dickens, in this second chapter of "Martin Chuzzlewit" which I have mentioned, gives a very fine personification of the winds. After a glorious romp inland, they hurry off to sea and "make a night of it." Winds might be personified, as being luxurious, such as those that play upon Æolian harps; or as labouring, such as the trade winds. They might be represented as affectionate, such as those that fondle with tresses of hair. Also they might be characterized according to their voices. Some are asthmatic and wheezy; some bellow in a deep bass; others whisper.

A gentleman who had travelled very widely, and whose facilities for observation had been excellent, once remarked to me that there seemed to be an average of intelligence among the masses

of mankind; and that those whose minds possessed the general proportion would be called "well balanced," while if one faculty preponderated over the others, among the others there would be a corresponding deficiency. This theory will, I think, explain what is commonly called the "eccentricity of genius." I think it will explain also a modern conflict between Science and Literature. Classical scholars frequently manifest an incapacity for scientific subjects; and scientists think, like George II, very lightly of "bainting and boetry." For my part, I am not a classical scholar nor a scientist; but I am fond of "bainting and boetry," and I cannot bear algebra. It was partly for this reason that, a year or two ago, I took up the cudgels on behalf of a young lady who was hampered in her studies owing to an incapacity for mathematics. It seems a pity that one weak faculty should be a bar to the development of other faculties which are strong. And yet under our present educational system this seems to be the case. There are, however, I am glad to say, one or two colleges in which respect is paid to individual peculiarities. President Eliot thinks a boy of eighteen has a better apprehension of what will be necessary to his success, and "can now select for himself a better course of study than any college faculty can select for him." The wise way would seem to be to try to devolve the natural bent of one's ability. The born musician will certainly not take kindly to civil engineering, however much a fond father's or zealous teacher's ambition may be blasted.



Mr. F. A. Acland, city editor of the *Globe*, was married to Miss Lizzie Adair.

Lord Dufferin, Governor-General of India, has received the title of Marquis of Dufferin and Earl of Ava.

The Countess of Testeferrate, wife of the late Spanish Consul General at Quebec, enquired, by telegraph, for particulars from Malta.

St. Hilda College, for ladies, in affiliation with Trinity University, Toronto, was opened, last week, with a good attendance of students.

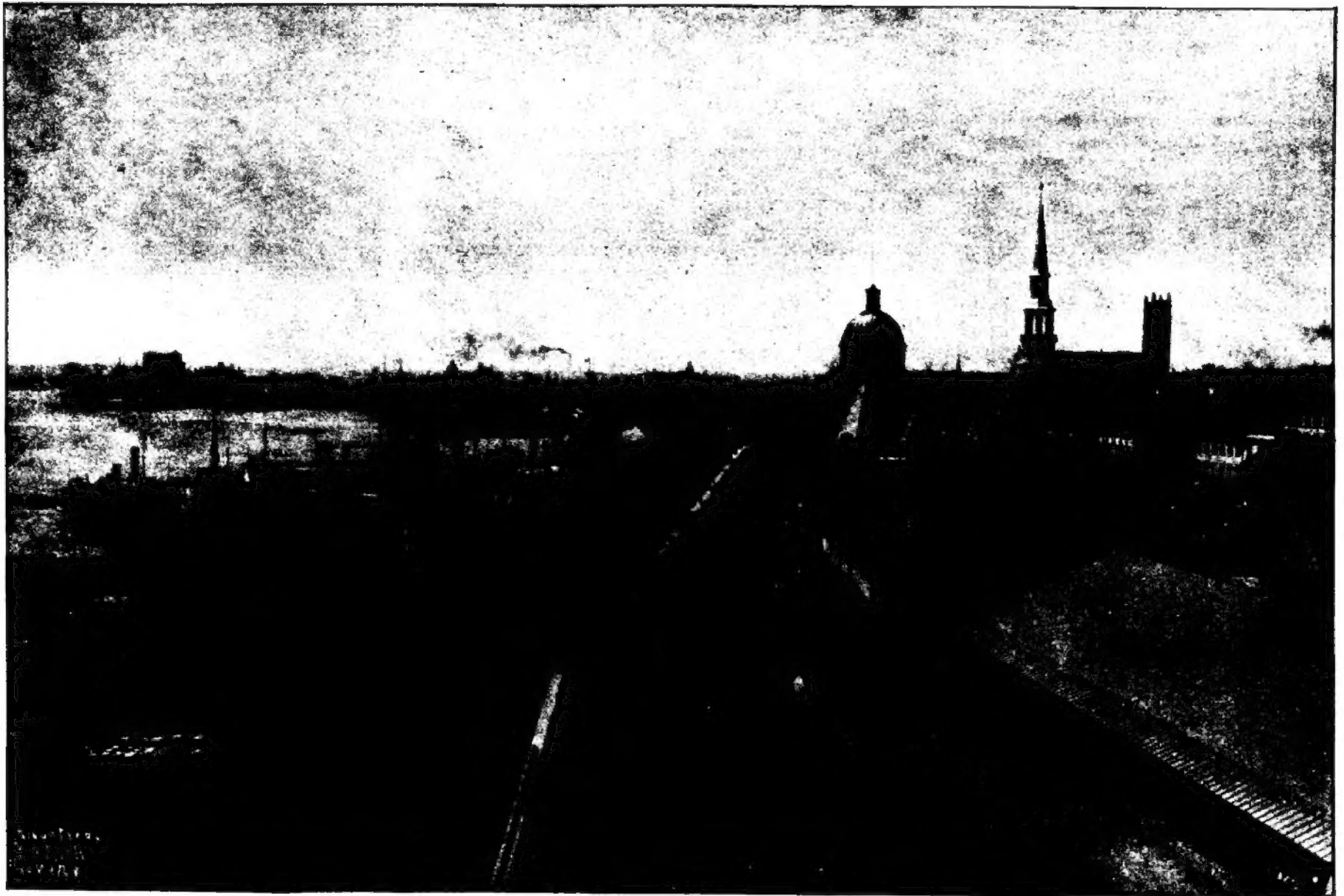
Dr. R. P. Howard, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, was recently elected in Washington to the presidency of the American Medical Association.

FROM AMATEUR TO PROFESSIONAL.

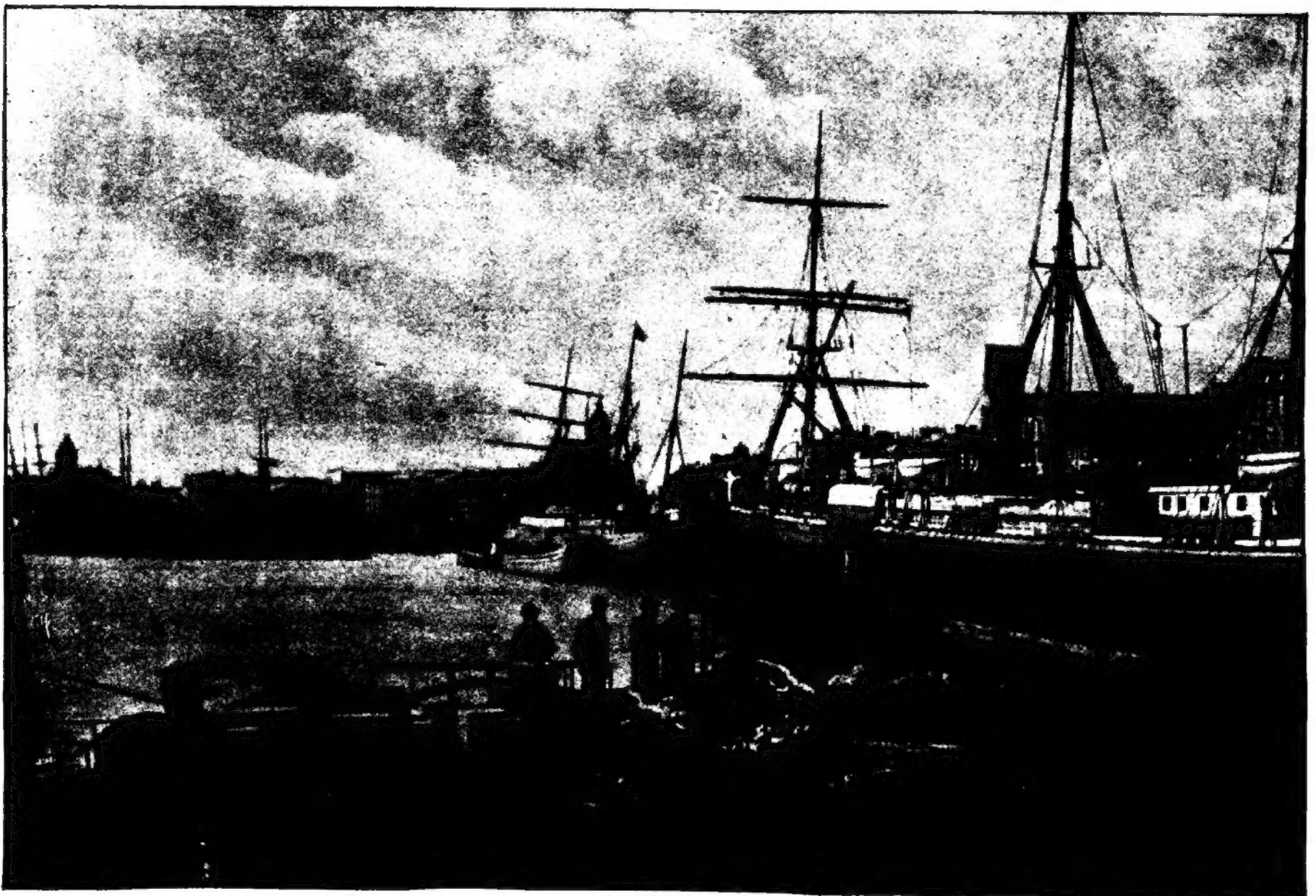
One of Montreal's fairest daughters, well known for some years as a distinguished amateur, has become a professional actress. Miss Marion Kilby has been considered, in the highest social circles, as one of the prettiest and most attractive belles of Montreal. Those who were fortunate enough to rank among her acquaintances will freely acknowledge, besides her undoubted beauty, her many accomplishments, her powers of fascination and her extreme sweetness of disposition. It is not to be wondered, therefore, that Mr. Augustin Daly, the proprietor and manager of Daly's Theatre of New York, celebrated for the finest comedy company in the world, should have offered the young lady a position in his company. That Miss Kilby's fame had reached New York is not surprising, for she has long been a favourite with the patrons of amateur drama in this city. She appeared first, when almost a child, under the auspices of the "Montreal Social and Dramatic Club," and received her first training from Mrs. Buckland, at one time a professional star of the first magnitude. Subsequently she joined the "Irrational Club," under the management of Sir Wm. L. Young, Bart., where she scored some successes. Perhaps her best role, and the one reflecting most credit upon her histrionic ability, was that of *Florence Morigold* in "Uncle's Will," which she played with Messrs. Lane and Raynes, in aid of the Catholic orphans of Montreal. On this occasion she was without professional coaching, and will be remembered as having achieved a theatrical triumph or an ovation. Her last performance was under the auspices of the Garrison Artillery, in aid of the Victoria Rifles armory, Mr. E. A. McDowell, professional, managing. The play, "Our Regiment," will long be remembered by Montrealers as a colossal venture and success. Miss Kilby's role was *Olivia*. In the new military dance she fairly charmed the audience, and was largely instrumental in securing a triple recall. We, in common with a host of admirers, wish our fair young *concitoyenne* every success in her new walk of life, and may safely predict for her, under such favourable circumstances, a bright career.

MONTREAL RIVER FRONT.

From photographs by Henderson.



GENERAL VIEW FROM C. P. R.Y. ELEVATORS.



VIEW FROM R. & O. CO'S WHARF.



“SECRETS.”

From the painting by G. Hom.

Photograph supplied by Mr. G. E. Macrae, Toronto, Director for Canada of the Soule Photograph Company.

Guilt and Death.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Alick?"

The request came from my little golden haired niece, sitting on my knee, on Christmas night.

I was staying at Christmas time with my only sister in England, and we were sitting round the large log fire, talking about all sorts of Christmas reminiscences, of relations and friends dead, some married, and various other memories, which always crowd round one at Christmastide, more especially to one who, like myself, had been away from the old country some years, and had spent Christmas in the delightful cold of Canada, in the heat of Egypt and other parts of the globe.

"You ought to have had some rum experiences, travelling about as you have," chimed in the gruff voice of my brother-in-law.

It was quite true what my brother-in-law said, I have had some "rum experiences," so, after thinking a bit, I told them the following peculiar one, the effect of which, though time has somewhat dimmed it, will, I think, always remain with me till my dying day.

I.

"You remember," I said, "that October I started for Canada, I daresay? Well, I won't trouble you with my experiences of the voyage, because I suppose that they were like what other people's generally are, but I never told you about a young fellow, named Willie Hewson, who was on board.

Willie was a big, strapping fellow, tall, and very good looking, and, like myself, came out to Canada to see if he could not better himself. We at once became great chums, more especially as I had been able to render some slight service (as I thought) to him. He was ridiculously grateful, and thought far too much of it, more especially when he said to me one day:

"No, Alick, old boy; whatever you may think of it, I will always stick to you through life, and after it, too."

I told him that sticking to me after life was an affection I did not care for, and would rather be without. I remembered what he said, only too well in the aftertime, however.

However, I am digressing, and must go on with my little tale.

We in due course arrived in Montreal, and, after a little time, settled down in a nice boarding-house there. It is needless to mention the exact spot, but it was not far from Victoria Square.

We were very comfortable, and there were some nice people staying in the house, who made us feel very much at home. One of these I must mention, as he has a great deal to do with my story. His name was Victor Grant. He was very tall, dark, with a sallow complexion, and very deep-set eyes, and, I must add, from the very first moment I set my eyes on him, I took an instinctive dislike to him. Willie, on the other hand, seemed rather to like him, or was fascinated by him.

Victor Grant certainly had plenty to say for himself, seemed to have travelled a great deal, could sing well, acted very creditably in some private theatricals we got up, and one evening surprised us all with some experiments in mesmerism. He tried his experiments on me, but with very partial success, though I felt the whole time that there was something very uncanny about the man. The effect upon Willie was very different. He sent him to sleep, and seemed to make him do anything he pleased, and, as Willie told me afterward when we were in our bedroom:

"Alick, old boy, I wish I had never seen Grant. He can do anything with me, and, if he chooses, can have me quite under his will."

Victor Grant made himself very friendly with Willie. Myself he seemed to dislike, and I can assure you the feeling was quite reciprocal.

He was in the habit of coming into our bedroom (for we slept in the same room), a very cheerful room, with French windows opening on to a balcony, from which steps descended to the garden; and one night, I well remember, he came

in, just as we were going to bed. Willie had just taken off his money belt, which he had on. Victor Grant noticed it and asked him if he always slept with it.

"Yes," said Will. "I think it is safer under my pillow."

I did not think much of the circumstance at the time, though I felt annoyed, as I did not trust Victor in the least.

II.

Things went on in an ordinary sort of way for a week or two longer, until winter came and the first fall of snow as well. Willie and I went to business every day and were very happy together, until an extraordinary event happened.

Willie and myself had gone up to our bedroom and he had thrown himself on his bed and said he would read a bit before undressing. I soon fell fast asleep, and, no doubt, slept for some time, when I thought I was half awake, with my face toward the window, and, looking through the window, fancied I saw a pair of hands making passes or signs. The next thing I saw, in my dream, was Willie very restless in his bed (for he had gone to sleep whilst reading), then slowly get up, like one walking in his sleep, and go to the French windows, slowly open them, and go along the balcony after the hands.

I remember no more, but suppose I must have slept. I woke up in the morning, with a confused idea of the dream, and looked at Willie's bed. Great heavens! he was not there. The window was open, the snow falling very fast, and Will was gone. Then my vivid dream came back to me. "Whose hands were those I had seen at the window?" A sudden thought struck me. Could they have been Victor Grant's trying to mesmerize Will for some purpose of his own? I may here mention that Victor Grant's room was next ours and opened on the same balcony. So without losing a minute I went there and knocked at his door. He sleepily said:

"Come in," and I went in.

"Have you seen Will?" I said, watching him closely.

"No. Why should I? Isn't he up?"

"No, he isn't, and what's more, I believe you mesmerized him out of our room, and now, perhaps, you will tell me where he is?" I said, angrily. I was sorry afterward that I spoke so, for it put me at a disadvantage.

"May I ask why you make such a serious assertion?" he said, coolly. "Do you really give me credit for having such mesmeric power that I could get your friend out of bed and out of the room? Tush! you talk like a child, and do not know what you are saying."

If there is any one thing more irritating than another, it is to be told by a man of your own age that you are acting like a child, however true it is—in fact, if it is true, it makes it all the harder to bear. In this particular case the remark had the effect of making me bounce out of the room, slamming the door.

When I got to my own room I cogitated, and came to the conclusion that I had not gained much by my interview.

I looked at Willie's bed and saw that it was only ruffled and had not been slept in; the lamp had burned itself out, and the book was on the floor, all pointing to the fact that he had gone to sleep while he had been reading.

I went out on the balcony and saw the staircase at the end, which Willie could easily have gone down, but the snow was lying so thick that I could not tell whether he had gone that way or not.

III.

To cut a long story short, I waited throughout that day, and many days afterward, but Willie never came back. I wrote to his people at home, as I thought that possibly he might have gone to the old country. I caused every enquiry to be made in Canada, but could get no clue as to his whereabouts.

Within a week of Will's disappearance Victor Grant left us, and as I had nothing but the barest suspicion against him, nothing could be done.

He told the people in the house that he was going West to make his fortune.

I must say that during all this time I missed Willie dreadfully. Christmas had just passed, and I could not but help thinking that the poor boy would have enjoyed himself immensely in the winter sports. I myself entered thoroughly into them, and went to many snowshoe tramps over the Mountain.

One evening we started on the tramp, but before we got to our destination I, being new to the sport, felt tired and determined to return.

"Which is the nearest way home, boys," I said. "Across the Pines," they shouted "take the first turn to the left."

I waited a short time to see them all going away, and watched them till I lost sight of them entirely, and then set off home. I had not been in that part of the Mountain before, and I thought that in the moonlight it looked very beautiful. I walked on till I came to the darkness of the pines, and as luck would have it a cloud crossed the moon and made it very dark indeed all round.

Just at this moment I seemed to notice a figure in front of me. The first thought that struck me was that I should have a companion to walk home with, so I got nearer to it. The figure still kept on walking a steady pace in front of me, in fact it seemed to glide. I got nearer, and then I noticed it left no footmarks in the snow.

I am naturally of a courageous nature, but this startled me, and I felt ashamed of myself that I saw anything at all. I put my hand in front of my eyes, and told myself that I was a fool—and it seemed to have no effect whatever; whenever I stopped, that stopped, beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead, and I thought that I would turn back, when the figure moved and turned its face, and a very sad face it was.

It was the face of Willie Hewson!

The figure then waved one of its arms slowly, as if beckoning me to follow, and in a short time it stopped, pointed first to its breast and then to the ground.

I suppose I must have lost consciousness, for I remember no more until some rather rough handling woke me up. It proved to be my friends of the Snowshoe Club returning who had found me lying on the path.

I told one of them what I had seen; he said it was very strange, and made at the same time some rather opprobrious remarks about "rye whisky and cold air not agreeing," etc., very funny indeed, but not agreeable.

However, I thought the events of the evening well over and came to the conclusion that Willie Hewson had been murdered, by whom I did not know, but I could not help feeling that his spirit had come to tell me.

The next day I went up the Mountain with a man and a shovel, and dug at a spot the figure pointed to, and finally came across a body which I had little doubt in recognizing as the body of my poor friend, and close by I found a knife with a red stain on it, and on the haft were the initials of Victor Grant.

IV.

A year or so passed away, and the events never faded from my memory. It seemed to me an undoubted fact that Victor Grant had killed poor Will, and no doubt had killed him for his money, but the man was gone, who could tell where, and could neither hear or find any trace of him.

I often thought about the apparition I had seen, and when an opportunity came to me to leave Montreal, I must say I welcomed it with pleasure; the memories of my dear friend, his awful death in the snow, and his appearing to me afterwards, had produced such an effect upon my nerves that when my medical adviser suggested change of scene, I willingly accepted his advice and went travelling.

I will not weary you with my travels, as they can have but little interest to you except for one event which happened to me.

I had arrived at a little western town, where I had to stop till next day to make railway connection; and finding the best hotel in the place, had

dinner and proceeded to make myself comfortable in an armchair in the reading room. I asked one of the men if there was anything in the way of amusements that night. He said he thought that Hamlet was being played at the theatre. I was glad of the information, and soon found my way there.

It was a small place, and for a moderate sum I found myself seated in the front row of the orchestra stalls. When the curtain drew up I noticed that the characters in the play were taken by persons unknown to fame.

When Hamlet appeared his face seemed somewhat familiar to me, and his voice as well, but I could not for a moment recollect where I had seen him. I noticed as well that his eyes kept looking at me.

During one of the acts, when the lights were turned down, I felt a horrible cold chilly feeling pass over me, and I thought it must be a draught coming from somewhere, so I turned round, and you may guess my awful surprise when I found that the seat next me was occupied by Willie Hewson!

Remembrance at once flew back to me, and I saw the figure of Hamlet, and then recognized the actor as Victor Grant.

Shortly afterward came Hamlet's speech,

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamed of in your philosophy,"

and Hamlet's eyes seemed to be drawn toward the spot where I was sitting. He gave one look, and throwing up his arms in the air, uttered a piercing shriek and fell down.

It took but a moment for the stage manager to come forward to say that the gentleman who was impersonating Hamlet was very ill, and unable to appear any more that night.

I went round to the stage door, and representing myself as a friend of Victor Grant, went and saw him. It needed not the eye of a doctor to tell one that he was dying. He saw me and said in a whisper:

"Have you come here to persecute me, too?"

I told him that I had not, but I wanted to know why and how he had murdered Willie Hewson. He then told me all; how he had mesmerized poor Willie, beguiled him up the Mountain, robbed and stabbed him, and taken his money. I could see that he was sinking fast, and he then turned round to me and said in an awe-struck voice:

"Did you see him sitting next you?"

"Yes."

"He has come to tell me my last hour has come. Look!"

I turned round, and saw the figure of Willie Hewson come slowly toward his murderer, and place his finger on his heart.

"Poor fellow, he is dead," said the doctor.

Montreal.

PERCY J. EVANS.

VILLANELLE.

Out of the deep I cry to Thee
Who notest e'en the sparrows fall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

I may not rise unless set free
From burdens that my soul enthrall,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee.

I strive, yet fail, and seem to be
The sport of fate while doubts appall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

Dark is my path; I may not see
How good is yet the fruit of all,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee.

Oh let my way with Thine agree,
My way o'erhung as with a pall,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

Incline Thine ear unto my plea;
Break not the reed but hear my call,
Out of the deep I cry to Thee,
O Lord, be merciful to me!

—Oscar Fay Adams.

THE URN OF TEARS.

It is related that in times past a poor widow, who had been left without means, concentrated all her affections on her only child, a little girl named Odeta. She was the widow's only comfort. God had enriched the child with rare gifts both of nature and of grace, and bestowed on her so many charms that her mother almost idolized her. Odeta never caused pain to anybody, though when she was grown up her mother sometimes gently reproached her. When night was coming on, the child would sit for a long time gazing fixedly on the heavens with a tender melancholy in her beautiful blue eyes.

"You are thinking of something, my child," her mother would say.

"Yes, mamma; heaven is so beautiful!" answered the little angel.

A species of terror seized upon the mother.

"What if my Odeta should be taken from me!"

The day arrived when the child was to make her first communion. The happiness that filled her soul, the emotion with which her heart was stirred, cannot be described. When the night arrived, full of joy, she looked up again to heaven and was plunged in thought. But the lively transports of her soul and the ardor of her heart caused her to become feverish, and the fever soon increased alarmingly. The doctor could do nothing to arrest the malady, and soon Odeta died.

Who can describe the sorrow of the poor mother, now doubly desolate? She wept as if she would weep all her tears away. But how fervent were her prayers, and how beautiful her resignation to the will of God.

When the sun went down the desolate mother, shutting herself up in her little cabin, far from the sight of men from whom she could receive no consolation, looked up to heaven and prayed. Every morning before dawn she was on her knees praying. She could sleep but little, now that the tiny bed was vacant beside which she had so often knelt and prayed over her sleeping child.

Late one night the mother was still praying, her sobs and sighs ascending to heaven; the moon in its last quarter, with its feeble rays, barely rendered visible the sorrowful picture, when suddenly the door opened and a gentle but dazzling light burst into the room.

"Odeta!" screamed the mother, recognizing her child in the glory of the vision. "Odeta, my child!"

The child carried in her hands a golden urn, which she bore carefully, because it was full to the brim.

"Mother," she said, "God has sent me to you. Here are your tears; He has thus preserved them, because you were resigned to His will even whilst you wept most bitterly. Oh, mother! If you only knew how happy I am! Weep no more, because if you do the urn will overflow, and then God will send me back to the earth in answer to your prayers. I have so much happiness that I do no wish to lose it, and it is better for me to wait for you in heaven, and for you to merit it by your resignation."

The vision disappeared, leaving the room filled with heavenly odours. The widow fell upon her knees in a kind of terror, and returned hearty thanks to God, repeating over and over again, "Oh my God! how beautiful—how much happier is my daughter in heaven!"

One more tear escaped from her eyes; it was not a tear of sorrow, but of gratitude, so it did not cause the urn to overflow, and Odeta remained in heaven.

NOTHING LIKE THE DINNER HORN.—Japanese gongs melodiously summon guests to dinner, and are considered a great improvement upon the dinner bell. Of all devices, however, which have been invented to call people to meals, including the bugle, the gong, strings of bells suspended from the portiere rod, and the soft spoken waiter, no arrangement sends such a thrill and awakes such an appetite as the farmer's horn.



Robert Allison, living southeast of Moose Jaw, lately threshed no less than 182 bushels of wheat from three acres of land, this being machine measure. Allison is ready to make affidavit to this yield.

Mr. T. C. Weston, of the Interior Department, accompanied by Mr. Topler, has gone to examine the supposed fossil trees occurring in the Trenton formation of limestone rocks near Kingston. After making a thorough examination they will take photographs of the supposed trees.

The mean depth of Lake Superior is 475 feet; of Lake Michigan, 300 feet; of Lake Huron, 250 feet; of Lake Ontario, 70 feet. A writer in the *Engineering News* says that when the great Falls break away a little more, Lake Erie will be so far drained that it will shrink to the dimensions of a river, leaving the towns now on its shores far inland.

To show the richness of the Fraser river, B.C., Delta lands, it may be stated that at the Delta exhibition, turnips were shown which weighed over forty pounds each. This is about two-thirds of a bushel to a turnip. Oats weighing fifty-five pounds to the bushel are vouched for as being shown at the exhibition, and said to have yielded 120 bushels to the acre.

SCIENCE TEACHING IN CANADA.

It was pointed out lately in the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED that there is not a Chair of History in any of the Canadian universities. History is a science, or, speaking more correctly, the methods employed in historical study are the methods of science. The student of history pursues his enquiries in the same manner and with the same spirit that a chemist, a geologist and a comparative anatomist pursue theirs. But if it is to be regretted that this branch of science, including, as it does, Canadian history, is, to some extent, neglected in our universities, it is a matter for congratulation that the teaching of other branches of science, having more direct bearings upon the progress of the Dominion, is advancing with rapid strides. The expansion has been observable, during the last five years, in three at least of our universities, viz., McGill, Toronto and Queen's. The movement is one which cannot but have a healthy influence in time upon our collegiate institutes and public schools, which in its turn will react upon the universities, and if, as Mr. Huxley says, "science is simply common sense at its best," the effect upon the national habits of thought shall not be inconsiderable.

If, however, "science is simply common sense at its best," it is far from being taught generally in the schools by common sense methods. Nasmyth, the engineer, speaking of some of the young men who studied mechanics at Maudsley's, in London, remarked that kid gloves were non-conductors of mechanical knowledge. The same thing has been said in a variety of ways by different men, and has been enforced, with a thousand illustrations, by Tyndall and Huxley with regard to science teaching in England. It may be whispered that in some of the Canadian schools where the sciences of chemistry and botany, for instance, are taught, there is need of a more lively realization of the truth of Nasmyth's remark. Chemistry and botany cannot be taught by means of the text-books alone. The text-books are invaluable, but they must be supplemented by experiment and observation if real knowledge is to take the place of smattering. This may seem trite to many, but it is a truth which still needs enforcement. One fact in science learned by actual experiment, or actual observation, is worth a hundred definitions of scientific laws learned merely by rote. It is to the teachers we must look for a more practical and more interesting system of science teaching in our schools. Some of them, it is true, already realize the value of their opportunities and make the most of them, but the proportion is still far from being large. They are hampered, indeed, by the modern demand for "highly successful examinations," but it may be hoped that the science movement in the universities will shortly have its influence upon the schools.

Richmond, Que.

J. C. SUTHERLAND.

Nicholas Flood Davin has his library of Greek, Latin, French, German and English books in his editorial sanctum at the *Leader* office in Regina. Nicholas Flood is essentially a man of letters and a scholar.

SKETCHES OF THE RECENT DOMINION ARTILLERY COMPETITION.



MAJOR KING, WELLAND, F BATTERY.

COL. PETERS, LONDON,
PRESIDENT ONTARIO ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION

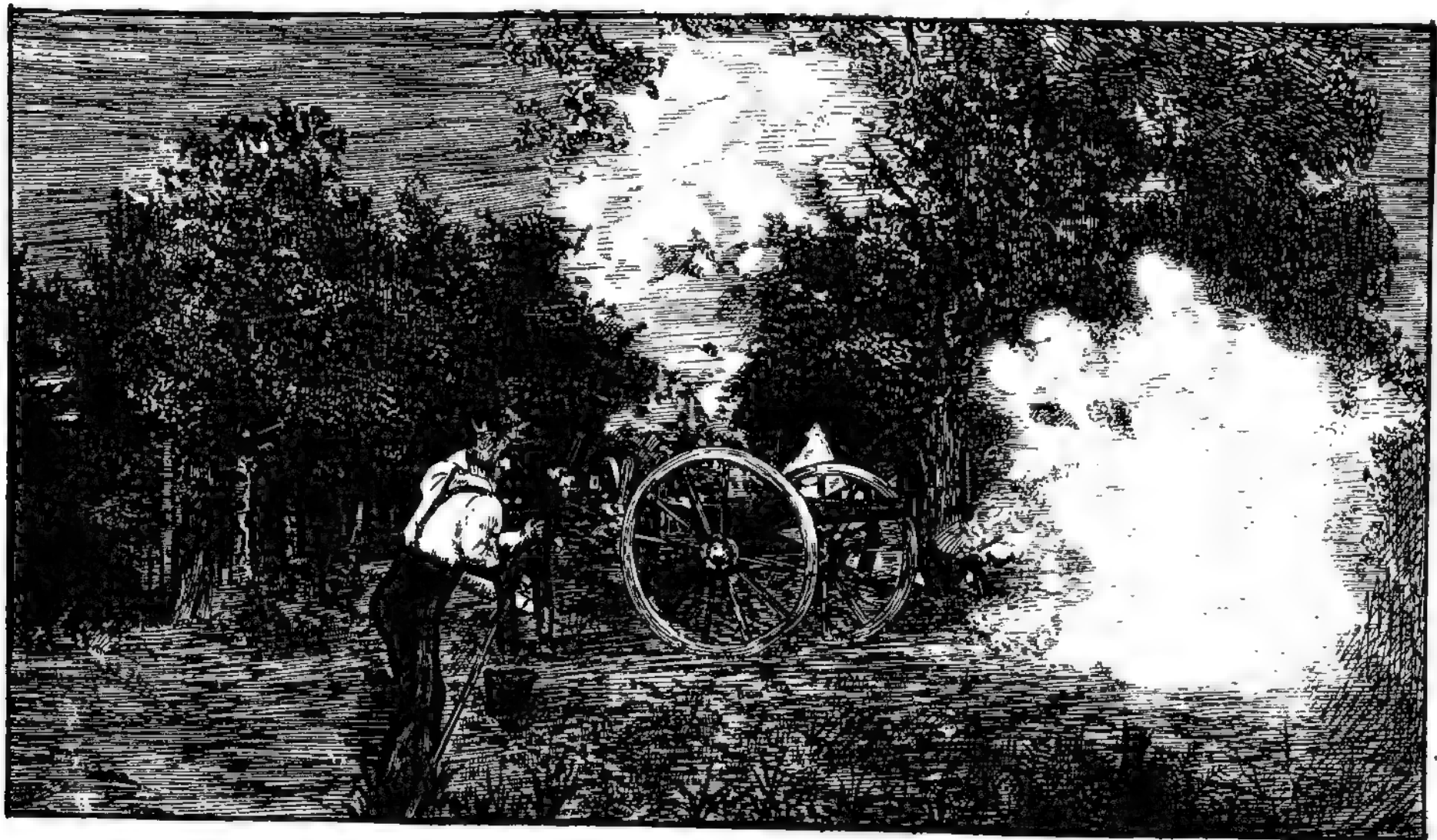
MAJOR WILSON, KINGSTON, A BATTERY.

SURGEON ELLIOTT. LIEUT. HASCOTT.

COL. MACDONALD, GUELPH,
PRESIDENT DOMINION ARTILLERY ASSOCIATION.

CAPT. DAVIDSON,
1st BRIGADE FIELD ARTILLERY.

A GROUP OF NOTABILITIES.



A TRIAL SHOT.



RABBIT COURSING AT THE BOIS DE BOULOGNE.

1. The losers. 2. The spring trap. 3. Want to join in. 4. The run. 5. Lost scent. 6. The slipper. 7. The victors.

From *l'illustration*.



TIRED MOTHERS.—As we said, editorially, last week, we find in the daily papers, sometimes, poems that strike home and which would give fame to the writers if their names were known. We have met the following lines, off and on, for years, and having seen them lately, clipped them and submit them to our lady readers, especially those mothers who know what it is to have carried their children through the first helpless stages of infancy, and then lose them as they become interesting in speech and gesture, and companions to their fond parents. The verses are very beautiful, and if some of the weak lines were retouched, would be simply perfect.

TIRED MOTHERS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee, that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a tatch of golden hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers holding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing over-much,
You almost are too tired to pray to-night.

But it is blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine, till it slips away.
And so it seems surpassing strange to me
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft, and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night, when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee,
This restless, curly head from off your breast,
The lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hand had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into the grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then.

I wonder so that mothers ever fret
At little children clinging to their gowns;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap or jacket on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear it patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world would say,
She was more blissfully content than I.
But, ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdie from its nest is flown,—
The little boy I used to kiss is dead.

LIVES BY COOKING.—A lady of good family, whose fortunes were suddenly broken, instead of repining, at once called her cooking skill into requisition. She has quietly let it be known among her old-time friends that she will serve them in their kitchens on occasion. When any one of the circle in whose parlour she once was, and still might be, a social ornament, desires to give a specially nice dinner or tea, they send for her. She brings her cooking wrapper in a little hand-bag, takes charge of the kitchen as the pilot does of a steamship on entering port, relieves the mistress of all care, anxiety and concern, and sends up a charming meal, such as a less cultivated cook could not provide. She is in such great demand that her prices have already doubled.

STOP IN BED.—A writer in a medical journal remarks: "The surest, quickest, and most sensible way to cure a cold is to go to bed and stay there." But he adds, with a touch of sarcasm: "Not one American (and, he might add, not one Canadian) in fifty will apply the remedy. We are too busy. We would rather risk losing our whole life than lose a single day. Therein we are fools." For other things than colds a day in bed is a most excellent specific. For certain forms of nervous impairment, nothing will more readily restore the balance than the forced rest and quiet of a few hours in a recumbent position.

MACHINE NOISE FOR NERVES.—It has been suggested that the noise of machinery has a beneficial effect upon the nerves of girls and women employed in factories. For the first few weeks of her work, amid the ceaseless clatter, the employee generally has headaches, a tendency to deafness, and suffers considerably from insomnia. Later, when she has become accustomed to it, the headaches disappear, hearing is remarkably acute, and her nervousness is much abated. The result is the reverse of what would be expected, but statisticians and hygienists say that it is what is found in the majority of cases.

FRUIT FOR LUNCHEON.—Few people realize the benefit to be gained from a free use of fruit. Now, we would suggest that the child, rather than the mother, be held responsible for the preparation of the daily lunch, but instead of sending him to the pantry for bread, meat, cake, etc., we would suggest that he be sent down cellar or out into the field for some ripe apples, pears or grapes. A moderate supply of sound, ripe fruit, together with one or two graham gems, make a luncheon far more healthful and appetizing than most of the luncheons that find their way into the baskets of many of our school children.

AT A SUMMER HOTEL.

At the commencement of the season everything about the house is redolent of cleanliness, fresh paint and pleasant anticipation. The warmth with which the landlord welcomes the earliest arrivals is quite touching in its generous fervour; his affectionate smile is the concentrated essence of benignity; evidently his one object in life is to please his guests. All their idiosyncrasies are studied, their wants anticipated; the propitiatory precipitation of the waiters is almost overpowering. Agreeably conscious of conferring a favour, the guests take the place, the hotel, the landlord under their own special protection. Feeling quite a proprietary interest in the subject, they "talk it up" enthusiastically. Never before were there such views, such sunsets, such rocks and bathing, such comfort and such charming people. Harrowing tales of various startling experiences at different watering places are related with dramatic effect, all throwing into vivid contrast the peculiar merits of Seagull Beach. People are in a condition of effervescence; geniality flavoured with a ready optimism is the order of the day. The ladies display their fancy work, are generous in sharing the benefits of new stitches, exchange opinions upon dress, disease and domestics; the older people gravely discuss theology, the children swear eternal friendship, invalids are delighted to have found a fresh audience to whom they can describe their pains and aches, several promising flirtations are inaugurated, to which the surroundings lend a romantic and idyllic charm, and in which the whole house takes the most kindly interest.

The second week the confidential relations existing between the people collected at the Seagull House become decidedly more effusive. As intimacy increases, egotism expands. Reticent persons wonder for the punishment of what particular sin they are condemned to listen to the endless enumeration of the grandeur of other people's connections, the magnificence of their establishments, the perfections of their children, and their own personal merits, and are slightly disposed to resent the minuteness and redundancy of the recital. The nurses are liberal about imparting all the information, real or imaginary, they have been able to glean regarding their respective employers. Some people display quite an extraordinary faculty for picking up unsavory details concerning their new acquaintance: events of immemorial antiquity are revived by brilliant imaginations and biographical notes, mostly of a depreciatory character, are dispensed with keen enjoyment of the subject. There is considerable interest tinged with emulation concerning the display of dress. There are two or three black sheep in whom the public interest is inconveniently emphatic. Several unoffending persons have such rôles assigned to them by the popular imagination; they are in-

cessantly examined with abnormal interest, and in order to test the melancholy accuracy of the suspicion, are subjected to endless ingenuities of cross-examination conducted with occasional qualms as to the lawfulness of the process.

During the third week the children, who until now have been lambs and sweet pets, develop into imps and ghouls. A boisterous acrimony, destructive alike to life and limb, and to the repose of the older guests, pervades their pastimes. The servants' quarrels, which have become frequent and furious, are conducted with spirit and vivacity. Regarding other people's troubles from an abstract and philosophical point of view, the public at large has made the discovery that most of the ailments with which they have sympathized are the direct result of either hysteria or hypochondria, and many can talk with scientific precision on the subject. The theological discussions are enlivened by a spirit of acrid self-assertion. After assuming various tragic phases, the flirtations have either expired from inanition or assumed a flavour of latent levity that affords gossip to the whole house. Conversation tends more to amusement than edification, and a doctrine regarding the imbecility and worthlessness of the public at large propagates itself. There is a current tendency to drift into little groups, and these coteries are pervaded by an Ishmaelistic impulse which prompts every woman to raise her tongue against her neighbour. Some display daring peculiarities, developed into huge size by absolute abandonment to their influence. The delirium of impatient sensation, galvanized by perpetual contact with the personal pronoun, creates jar and discord in chaotic minds, viewing all things in relation to its own crochets, ruled by freaks of impulse and passion, making for itself innumerable laws of wilfulness and whim. The attendance is pronounced miserable, the table wretched, and the people whose housekeeping is characterized by the most rigid parsimony cannot be content with anything that is not at least two months before due season. The house is crowded to excess, the landlord assumes a haughty and truculent bearing, indicative of his entire independence of patronage.

The distinct characteristic of the fourth week is a deep and dark depression. The moral and mental atmosphere is saturated by a distaste amounting to fanaticism for all its surroundings. The cheap fares have commenced. Crowds of brisk and hungry tourists pour in, devouring all before them like a flood of devastating locusts. Caustic severity, plaintive reproaches, wrathful denunciations are all alike wasted upon the landlord to whom his guests seem simply like a flock of sheep to be fed and tended with the least possible expenditure of trouble and expense. The nurses, who have almost all given warning, have drifted into an armed neutrality, and children roam wild as young hawks. The fancy work is all finished, there are no more fascinating costumes to be displayed, the black sheep (not so very black) have proved tame and uninteresting creatures, even gossip has lost its charm. Husbands and fathers, who all summer have been bewailing their confinement to their city offices, scarcely display the enthusiasm their families expected on their emancipation from business cares. They talk a great deal about the sea air, the boating, the fishing, with a hypocritical assumption of enjoyment, but they wander about disconsolately and then suddenly discover that business of importance requires their presence in town immediately. It is hard that a man should not be allowed to enjoy his holiday in peace. No power on earth will prevent him from catching the evening train. With shriek of whistle and clamour of bell, morning, evening and noonday trains arrive, but no trace of the absentees who have clearly shirked their responsibilities. The women are all bored to extinction. Then it rains steadily for two or three days in succession, the trunks begin to fly around in a very lively manner, farewells are uttered with gushing cordiality, and, like birds in autumn, the summer guests depart.

BLANCHE L. MACDONELL.

Montreal, P. Q.

STATUE TO SHAKESPEARE.

On the 10th October was unveiled at Stratford-on-Avon the statue of Shakespeare, presented, designed and executed by Lord Ronald Gower, brother to the Duke of Sutherland. It has been several years in preparation, and is entirely Shakesperian in character, with a life size figure of the poet on a pedestal surrounded by four of his greatest creations—namely, Hamlet, Lady Macbeth, Falstaff and Prince Hal. The statue is placed in the grounds surrounding the memorial buildings, within a few yards of Shakespeare's residence. The pedestal is of Bath stone, sixteen feet high, and elaborately carved. A life-size seated bronze figure of Shakespeare surmounts it. The face bears a striking resemblance to the portrait shown at his birthplace, and the effect is rendered more striking by the sculptor having adopted as a costume a doublet covered by a loose, sleeveless gown, such as distinguishes the portrait. Shakespeare's gaze is directed toward the church where lie his remains.

The four Shakesperian figures stand on projecting bases. Hamlet is seated, with a dejected expression of visage, musing over Yorick's skull. The other seated figure is that of Falstaff. An empty wine cup is in the left hand, the right being raised, with the forefinger extended. Lady Macbeth is represented rubbing her hands to remove the indelible bloodstains. The face is hard and cruel, but a shadow of remorse is to be remarked in it. Prince Hal is trying on his father's crown. The memorial is decorated with four laurel chaplets and masks typical of comedy and tragedy. It is the generous tribute of a true artist to a poet's fame.

There was an immense gathering, including many visitors from London and the large provincial cities, and a perfect multitude from within a radius of twenty miles. The monument was gracefully unveiled, amid cheers and music, by Lady Hodgson, wife of the Mayor of that city, who is a daughter of the Chief Justice of New South Wales. Sir Arthur Hodgson, the Mayor of Stratford, who was once a distinguished official in Queensland, where he made an immense fortune, felicitously accepted the statue, and was pleasantly seconded by Sir Philip Canliffe Owen.

Oscar Wilde, the orator of the day, made a terse and poetic speech. Lord Ronald Gower made a few modest, neat remarks in thanks, and then a large number of invited guests were given a princely luncheon by the Mayor, in the picture gallery of the memorial hall.

Miss Ada Rehan dominated the entertainment, gorgeously dressed as Katherine—that is to say, her portrait recently presented by Augustin Daly looked down upon the table, surrounded by pictures of Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Charles Kean, John Philip Kemble, Farren Phelps, Edwin Booth and others. Mr. George Augustus Sala responded to the toast "The Drama."

Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant of the county, spoke for Shakespeare's birthplace, and remarked, "Since the visit of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly here our people have read more about Bacon and loved Shakespeare better than ever." Oscar Wilde recited an ode of four lines, which, referring to the bronze figures, read thus:

Hear Royal Henry chide his self-crowned heir,
The guilty Queen moan for her white hands' stain,
Or Falstaff troll some roystering refrain,
Or Hamlet play with his whole soul's despair.

The newly elected member for Montreal East, Mr. Lepine, will be the youngest member of the House of Commons, 28, yet he will represent the most populous constituency in the Dominion, and the largest manufacturing centre. He is a printer by trade, but being a pledged prohibitionist, takes no "stick" in his drinks, though he may have several "sticks" in his "takes."

The Right Rev. Ashton Oxenden, D.D., formerly Bishop of Montreal and Metropolitan of Canada, and who is an honorary canon of Canterbury Cathedral and the writer of many devotional books, the only surviving brother of Sir Henry Chudleigh Oxenden, the oldest living baronet, who is in his 94th year, was born at Broome Park, near Canterbury, and has just completed his 80th year.

MILITIA NOTES.

It is reported that the invention of Captain Greville Harsten, of the Royal Grenadiers, Toronto, for converting the Martini rifle into a magazine weapon, has been adopted by the Small Arms Committee for the British Army.

General Goodenough, who has come to Canada to advise the British Government as to the best way of defending Victoria and Vancouver against invasion, passed through Montreal, accompanied by his A. D. C., Capt. Fox, R.A.

Lieut.-Col. James Poyntz, of Windsor, aged 90, who is one of the few remaining veterans of the Peninsular war, has just received a letter from Gen. Ponsonby, at the command of Queen Victoria, inclosing one of Her Majesty's jubilee medals.

Admiral Sir Provo Wallis, the centenarian father of the British navy, has sent to Judge Shannon, of Halifax, an enlarged photograph of himself, done in oil, which he has presented to Judge Shannon as a token of his regard, and also as a souvenir of his attachment to his native city, "dear old Halifax," as he calls it in his accompanying letter. The veteran admiral, the sole survivor of the victors of the Shannon in its famous engagement with the Chesapeake, is still at the head of the navy list of England, although now nearing the 99th year of his age.

THE IDYL OF BRENT FARM.

No father, no mother, my kinsfolk afar,
And so to my lot it befel
A hireling to be to her father for pay;
But I faithfully served him and well.
I loved her, just budding to womanhood then,
But neither by gesture nor words
Did I show of my love for the daughter of one
Who was master of farm lands and herds.

I toiled all the day, and I toiled half the night,
And diligent ever I wrought;
In daytime I deaved in the broad fields of earth,
And at night in the wide fields of thought.
For I said to myself in the depths of my soul:
"The fair and the blossoming rose
From the clod that is trampled in scorn at our feet
Right stately and beautiful grows."

As the spirit enlarges the body refines,
And knowledge creates self-respect;
So I looked unabashed upon others around,
And I carried my body erect.
Men noted the growth of my manner and mind,
And Brent, tho' to others so grim,
Gave me smiles and his confidence, till at last
I managed the farm lands for him.

In Beauty and sweetness Elizabeth grew;
I worshipped her, but from afar,
As a shepherd Chaldee his devotion might pay
To some bright and particular star.
Rich suitors were many who wooed her in vain—
Her gaze went right over their heads;
And Brent said to me, with a queer, crabbed smile—
"Joe, she'll pick out a man when she weds."

Yet the eye speaks the words that will shrink from the tongue;
She knew that I loved her, and she,
By blushes and tremor whenever we met,
Showed her growing affection for me.
It was madness. I felt he would never consent
She should wed with a penniless youth;
And I feared by the glance that he gave us one day,
That he knew or suspected the truth.

I could bear it no longer, the woe and despair,
The torture that gnawed at my brest;
I would leave the old farm, and its memories all,
And fortune pursue in the West.
I would grow with its growth, winning riches and name,
Would suffer no hindrance or let;
And in scenes that were new, and in sights that were strange,
My wild, hopeless passion forget.

So one night after supper when Lizzie sat nigh,
I told them my purpose and plan—
"My year will be up in a fortnight," I said,
"And the West is the place for a man."
Lizzie paled; but her father serenely observed,
"Your plan will not suit me, I fear;
For whenever you marry Elizabeth, Joe,
I expect you to both settle here."

She blushed, and I stammered—"I never have dared—"
Her father he nodded his head—
"I have watched you two young ones for six months or more,
And laughed at your folly," he said.
"If you will ramble West, ramble West if you will,
But better stay here while you may;
Talk over the thing with Elizabeth there—
'The girl may have something to say.'"



Magistrate (to woman)—"You admit that you hit your husband with a stove-lid, and yet you claim that there are extenuating circumstances governing the case."

Woman—"Yes, sah, deh was a extenuatin' sarcumstance. De stove-lid warn't hot."

"What's the name of this play?" asked a young lady of her escort at Albaugh's last night at the close of an act.

"Siberia," he replied, as he started to go out.

"Thanks," she said, sarcastically, "I thought possibly it was Twobeeria." Then he didn't go out.

Mr. Chesley—"Quick, your decision, Louise!"

Miss de Leigh—"Why do you hurry me so?"

Mr. Chesley—"For two reasons. Professor Barnard says that a comet is approaching the earth at the rate of three million miles a day, and—er! ahem! I think I hear your mother coming too."

Smith—"Pretty good thing I overheard to-day. I must tell it to you." Jones—"Let's see. You overheard it." S.—"Didn't I say so?" J.—"You did. But I want to be sure. If you simply heard it, I don't care to hear it—" S.—"I overheard it." J.—"Then peg away, my boy, and give us the whole thing. I expect it's something rich."

A country editor publishes the following: "We hereby tender our heartfelt thanks to Dr. Pellet for his prompt and satisfactory action in our rather critical case last evening. Doc., you are a good one." "Our thanks are also due to our esteemed townsman, James Hawbuck, for a very luscious watermelon which he left on our desk at an early hour yesterday morning. Come again, Jim!"

Addle—"What kind of a hat?"

Fuddle—"Well, that wasn't stated, but I suppose an ordinary hat."

Addle—"See here, Fuddle, don't take any chances. Make it a man's hat. Suppose you should lose and your man should demand a hat for his wife. Where would you be?"

Caller—"I see that the house next door is closed, Mrs. Hobson. Have your neighbours gone to the country?"

Mrs. Hobson—"Oh, I haven't the faintest idea. I never give a thought to my neighbours; but I imagine so. An express waggon called yesterday and took away four trunks, two packing boxes, seven satchels and a baby carriage, and it was the shabbiest lot of baggage I ever saw."

"Shall our boys be whipped at school?" is the momentous question that has taken the place of "Is marriage a failure?" The fact that our boys are our boys and are here to whip proves that marriage is not a failure. As to whether the boys shall be whipped, that depends largely upon whose boy it is. Now, our neighbour's boy ought to be whipped, doubtless; but our boy—be careful how you strike our boy!

Maud—"Are you really engaged to Mr. Hawkins, Ethel?"

Ethel—"Yes. I hardly know whether I love him or not, but he was so earnest that somehow I could not refuse him."

Maud—"Yes, I know. When I refused him last summer he told me he was going to marry somebody or bust before Christmas."

"Wildred," said he, while his larynx quivered with tremulous pathos. "Have I offended you?"

"No, George, you have not."

"Then why are you so silent?"

"Do not ask me."

"But, darling, think you have spoken scarcely twenty words in the last hour. I cannot bear the gloomy quiet. Why do you not speak? Why do you not talk?"

"Because, George, I want fame. I am a woman, and I am trying to make a record."

"Amelia Sassafraz," said Marcellus Roddy, with an accent of pain in his rich voice, "do you realize the anguish you have caused me by your refusal of my heart and hand? No, you are cold and passionless. You realize nothing."

"You are mistaken, Mr. Roddy," said Amelia, haughtily. "Do you remember the ring you gave me? And the opera glasses? And the bracelets? And the gold thimble?" "I do remember them," moaned the wretched young man.

"Well," said Amelia, "I have realized on them all. I give you the pawn tickets and this bundle of letters. Farewell forever, Mr. Roddy."

The roses from the wild rose trees

Upon the grass are falling,

And geese in happy argosies

Fly southward, wildly calling.

Upon the top rail of the fence

The squirrels madly chatter,

And in the forest deep and dense,

The chestnuts gayly patter;

And Mary Jane will soon commence

To make the buckwheat batter.



QUITE NATURAL.

MAMMA: Don't you think, Emma, you are getting a little too old to be playing with the boys so much?

EMMA: I know it, but the older I get the better I like 'em.

It was the late Judge Thomas Russell, of Boston, whose wit was spontaneous, who once said that "Know all men by these presents" might be changed to "Know one woman by these presents," for if one woman knew it, all the rest of the world would."

There is truth in the remark that a bag, if empty, hangs loosely by its string, but the more there is put in it the closer is the mouth drawn and the harder it is to get anything out. So, often, as men have more means to give, is it more difficult to obtain money from them.

Jawkins—"Want Softleigh to join our literary club? Why, I don't believe he ever read anything but Mother Goose and the Book of Etiquette in his life!"

Hogg—"Ah, but then he has such a high forehead, you know, and wears his eyeglass with such a very intellectual air!"

Railroad dining station proprietor—"If the new superintendent of this road ain't discharged pretty soon I'll be bankrupt."

Friend—"What's he doin' to ye?"

"He's running the trains so regular that the passengers get plenty of time to eat their meals, hang him!"

Myrtle—"Florence, is that Fred. Dumley's handwriting?"

Florence—"Yes, dear. I'm engaged to him, you know."

Myrtle—"Yes, I know it. I was engaged to him last summer."

Florence—"The dear boy. I wonder who will marry him eventually."

"What's the matter, Johnny?" asked one of the neighbour's boys, as his companion came out of the alley gate. "Ain't finished your dinner a'ready, have ye?"

"Nop."

"Didn't ye get any?"

"Yep; but I didn't wait to finish it."

"What made you leave so soon?"

"Well, I said something at the table and everybody but pa laughed."

A labourer in a shipyard was one day given a two-foot rule to measure a piece of iron plate. Not being accustomed to the use of the rule, he returned it, after wasting a good deal of time.

"Well, Mike," asked his superior officer, "what is the size of the plate?"

"Well," replied Mike, with the smile which accompanies duty performed, "it's the length of your rule and two thumbs over, with this piece of brick, and the breadth of my hand and arm, from here to there, bar a finger."

THE Canadian Pacific Railway

has provided its usual extensive list of tourist tickets to the various summer resorts of Canada and New England, which may be obtained at its different agencies at very reasonable rates.

Among the most desirable localities covered by these tickets may be mentioned Banff, Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Ore, and San Francisco. The sleeping and dining cars of the company's transcontinental trains are proverbial for their comfort and luxury, and now that the hotels at Banff, Field, Glacier, Fraser Cañon and Vancouver are all completed and open for guests, every want of the traveller is carefully provided for.

Tourist tickets to the above mentioned points are good for six months and permit stop over at pleasure.

From Montreal the rates are:

To Banff and return. - \$90 00

To Vancouver, Victoria, Tacoma, Seattle, or Portland and return, 125 00

To San Francisco and return, - - - 140 00

From other stations the rates are proportionately low.

Descriptive books may be obtained of Company's agents, or by addressing the Passenger Traffic Manager at Montreal.

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SAULT STE. MARIE CANAL.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

THE WORKS for the construction of the canal, above mentioned, advertised to be let on the 23rd of October next, are unavoidably postponed to the following dates:—

Wednesday, the 7th day of November next.

Plans and specifications will be ready for examination, at this office and at Sault Ste. Marie, on and after

Wednesday, the 24th day of October next.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 27th September, 1888.

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144 St. Lawrence Main Street.



St. Lawrence Canals.

Galops Division.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tenders for the St. Lawrence Canals," will be received at this office until the arrival of the eastern and western mails on Tuesday, the 30th day of October instant, for the construction of two locks and the deepening and enlargement of the upper entrance of the Galops Canal.

A map of the locality, together with plans and specifications, will be ready for examination at this office and at the Lock-Keepers house, Galops, on and after Tuesday, the 16th day of October instant, where forms of tender may be obtained by Contractors on personal application.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name, the nature of the occupation and residence of each member of the same, and further, a bank deposit receipt for the sum of \$6,000 must accompany the tender for the works.

The respective deposit receipts—cheques will not be accepted—must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the works at the rates and on the terms stated in the offer submitted. The deposit receipts thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

This Department does not, however, bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,

A. P. BRADLEY,
Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,
Ottawa, 11th October, 1888.